

KRS-One Lyrics

"Mr. Percy"

(feat. Triune)

[Chorus: KRS-One & Triune]

Have mercy Mr. Percy
4 million people out of work, right now
Can't find a cent to pay my rent
Half of the youth population out of work, right now
Give me another day
Homelessness risin' upon families
So I can try to find my way
Word up! Homelessness

[KRS-One & Triune:]

And I work
Several resumés on E-Mail
And I work
CD's I'm sellin' my beats
And I work
Part time at the retail
And I work
I'm just about to be in the street
And I work
The car that I'm drivin' around
And I work
Will I ever be on my feet again?

[?]

We tellin' 'em this now

[KRS-One:]

Frankly, I don't see how
You can't see how you really, homeless now
When the emergency hits, who really holds you down?
When the sheriff's at your door, ready to throw you down
With the state of the economy and the way that it is
Many men are at the door with their wife and their kids, saying

[Chorus: KRS-One & Triune]

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And I work
Tried drive taxi cab
And I work

Enrolled in a technical school
And I work
My friends, my family for a loan
And I work
Dollar caps and car pools
And I work
Just another day now
And I work
I'm gettin' paid now

[?]

We tellin' 'em this now

[KRS-One:]

Everywhere across the nation
More people are joining the homeless population
From the south, to the north, to the west, to the east
People can't pay their mortgage or their lease
And last but not least
You better hear what I'm saying
So many men are at the door with their kids saying

Have mercy Mr. Percy
Can't find a cent to pay my rent

[?]

Give me another day
4 million people out of work right now, you gotta do something!
So I can try to find my way

[?]

[KRS-One:]

We're on the brink of revolution
You let it get to hot
So many people tryin' to hang on, and just cannot
They must have forgot
Last night's news spot
Read like a news murder plot
Starring who got shot
And very little upliftin'
Just who got knocked?
Very little givin'
Everybody's heart is locked
And they call this a civilization?
Where I can't even find work, with proper employment qualifications
Hip-Hop is the name of my nation
Where everyday is Saturday and 12 months is vacation
Peace, love, unity, havin' fun
You can tell by now, I'm not the average one

[Triune:]

Get choked for the dope here
Get stabbed for the stash
My X is brash

I rap for grabbin' the cash
They search for the blackless faces
So no need checkin' your [?] or applications
[?]

How the fuck I make thirty grand a year
With dudes holding a masters degree
It makes no sense, so I make no sense
Using my mind
[?]

There's a war going on outside, no man is safe from
I'm Tri-Uno, some call me the great one
Until Bush meet people in my community
I'm hustling for [?] till I get an opportunity

Have mercy Mr. Percy
Can't find a cent to pay my rent
Give me another day
So I can try to find my way